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A Chip From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

HERE it is "New Years" once more. How do you feel about things in general?

But, more particularly, how do you, to-day, regard the things that worried you so much just one year ago?

There you are—you have to stop and try to remember just what you were worrying about one year ago.

Funny, isn't it? The things that seemed so big and terrible a year ago, have so faded into the "ewigheit" that you have to stir up your memory in an attempt to recall them. As our French brothers would say: "It is to laugh."

Yes, you'll readily admit all this—but, still, here you are hard at work over a new crop of worries. Don't you know that to-day's worries are not a bit more real than those of a year ago? Its all a matter of perspective.

If you can manage to regard to-day's worries just as you are now able to see those of just one year ago, you will solve the problem of calmness, poise and peace. Somewhat hard to get over the delusion of perspective, but it's worth while to try it. Why don't you?

Happy New Year! (But don't fail to remember that Happiness comes from within. It's what you *are*—not what you have—that constitutes Happiness.)

What the New Thought Is Good for.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.



When we first get interested in this new-old philosophy, we are filled with enthusiasm and ardor, and usually manifest great progress. After a bit, we get away from the main road and begin to explore the many little attractive side-paths which branch out from the great highway, and before long we find that we have wandered far away from the great thoroughfare along which we were traveling so nicely. Frequently we get lost in a maze of tangled paths, and before long begin to wonder "where we are at." This is the common experience, and I think the subject a timely one to consider.

Now, I am not merely theorizing and preaching "at" you—I am but reciting an experience common to nearly all of us. I have frequently strayed away from the great road, and in all probability, will do so many times more. The side-paths are so attractive to the student, and there are such wonderful things to be seen there, that although I know better, I constantly find myself strolling along them. But I have learned the lesson, and am able to find my way back when I am sufficiently bewildered by the strange sights and experiences of this wandering off.

In the beginning we have few theories—we find that we have gotten hold of a big slice of truth—facts—and we rejoice in the new strength that has come to us. We find ourselves manifesting improvement in many directions, and we are apt to think that we have found it all out—know it all—are the whole thing. Then after a bit we see one of these side paths, and with head tossed back, we take the first few steps upon it. Pretty soon we get all tangled up, with conflicting theories, and teachings, and before long we are "mixed." We soon tire of the side-path, but instead of retracing our steps to the main road, we cut across lots to some other side-path just in sight. And then we go through the same experiences. Often we get so disgusted and disheartened, that we determine to get out of that system of roads and paths, and before long we find ourselves away back from where we started before we took step on the main road.

This is a general experience—every one of you have had some example of it. So don't be discouraged—it's part of the business.

Let us see if we cannot help you to find the main-road, again. What is the New Thought good for, anyway? That is the question that many have asked and are even now asking. Let us see what is the answer.

The New Thought to be good for anything, must be good for something right now—here in the great Now. If it is merely another "stand-off"—another system of promising you cream by-and-bye, in order to make you satisfied with the skim-milk of to-day, you don't want it. We

have had enough of this "sweet-bye-and-bye" talk. What we want is something now—right now. We want something that we can use in our everyday life—something that we can use in our business—be that business digging ditches, or running a big establishment. That's what we want. We may not be able to get everything we want just this minute—plants do not spring into flower in a moment—but we want some signs of growth right off. And if the New Thought cannot do this for us—why we don't want it. That's the way I feel about it, and that's the way that most of you feel about it, isn't it? We are willing to wait for the full maturity of the plant—for its flower and fruit—but we certainly do want to see a few sprouts showing above the ground.

The only way to get back to first principles in the New Thought—is to go there. We remember what results we contained at the start, and there is no reason why we cannot have the same experiences over and over again, each day, as we go along.

The great trouble with most of us is that we spend too much time theorizing and speculating. We must drop this and get down to business. We must not lose sight of the "I Am"—not for a moment. But we must remember that "I Do" part of it. All nature is on the move—it is creating new forms and combinations every moment. Evolution is constantly under way—things are being done all the time. So what excuse have we for sitting still, folding our hands, and endeavoring to solve the riddle of the Universe, when plenty of things are right in front of us waiting to be done. Let us "get a move on" us.

The thing that caused you to feel that new strength when you first took up the New Thought, was the consciousness that you had latent powers within you, awaiting development. And the only way to develop anything is to set it in motion—to use it. If the infant did not use its little arms and legs, it would never grow into a strong hearty child—if it did not use its little brain it would always remain an infant. And what are we but babies of a larger growth? We have latent powers of body and mind, awaiting the development that comes only through use and work. Let us wake up and use them.

The instinct of the babe causes it to kick and wave its arms about, and to twist itself up into all sorts of shapes. Its desire to do things causes it to try to tie itself into bowknots, and to put its toe into its mouth. The same instinct leads its little mind to work, and gets it into all sorts of mischief, in its desire to know and to do. The baby is *alive*, and it grows and waxes strong—but many of us grown-ups have lost this desire to progress and grow. We are "dead-ones." Let us wake up again, see what is to be done. Let us up and be doing!

Do not ask me what is to be done. There are plenty of things awaiting your doing—right there in front of you. Start to work on them, and other things will come your way. Try to do things better than you have

ever done them before—and lots of other things that you have never done will then pass before you for the touch of your hand. You will draw them to you by the operation of the Law of Attraction—you will not run short of material—never fear.

Take a look over the field of the New Thought journals, and see how the most of them have departed from the main road, and are wandering up and down the side-paths of speculation and theory. This journal has been no exception to the rule, and realizing this, I intend to turn the rudder around and bring it back to the great channel where it belongs. Just remember how inspiring was the old talk about the development of the self—the growth of the hidden powers—the increased usefulness that awaited us. And the beauty of it all is that it was true—is true to-day. But what are the most of us doing? Just this, meditating and dreaming, and speculating. What we want is to roll up our sleeves and get to work. There will be plenty of time for theorizing and speculating between jobs. A man is able to work better by reason of occasional theorizing—and a man is able to theorize better by reason of a normal amount of work. Many a preacher has obtained his best inspiration from the wood-pile. And a man who exercises his mind by right thinking, is able to saw wood better, or to do anything else better. We must avoid this tendency to grow lopsided. We are right here in the body—the body was given us for a purpose—and we must make the best use of the body as well as the mind. And the New Thought teaches us to grow better bodies, and to develop our minds. It is not one-sided—it meets all the emergencies of the case.

I intend to keep pegging away at this phase of the subject for several months to come. We all need it—myself as well as any of our readers. I am going back to first principles. And I hope that I can induce many of you to join me in the trip.

I'm sick and tired of this everlasting twaddle, slush and gush, that is being poured forth from New Thought channels. These things are all right for a change—just as one may eat some tid-bit or confection—but the Lord deliver me from a steady diet of tutti-frutti, angel cake, and cream-puffs. I want some whole wheat bread, and nourishing fruit and nuts—something that's got some staying power in it. And the New Thought is just full of nourishment, although one might be led to doubt it when he looks at the display of confections and sweetened wind on the average New Thought menu card.

Let's up and be doing friends. Let us stop this mooning around—this ecstatic rhapsodizing and soaring above the clouds. Let's get down to business and do things. The New Thought will help us in our everyday life—it has done so before, and it will do so again. It may be used by every one of us—right Now—in whatever walk of life we may be journeying. It is good for the washerwoman as well as the banker—if it isn't, then it's not good for anyone. It must, and will, give us increased strength and en-

ergy—greater ability—greater happiness—greater hope—greater comfort in our everyday life. Then let's use it—now.

Do you know this is a pretty good sort of world after all—notwithstanding all the things that seem so imperfect and undesirable to us at times. And we're living right in it—we belong here for the time being, so for gracious sake let's make the best of it. And we don't make the best of it by sitting around mooning, or moping, or sighing, or dreaming. The only way to get anything out of life is to live it. Life is for use—then let us get some use out of it. We may take the first step to-day. There's sure to be something that we can brighten up a bit—let us get some happiness out of it for ourselves and others (sometimes we get the greatest happiness by giving it to others). Let us get rid of these sickly dreams—let us cease being cranks—let us be *live*, healthy, energetic men and women—taking our share in the work of this world, and doing it the best we know how. Let us Live.

That is one of the things that the New Thought is good for. The balance of the list will be taken up in turn.

Let this be your motto, until our next sermon: "I AM BRIGHT, CHEERFUL AND HAPPY—I AM ALIVE." Say these words over and over again, and then try to "make good."

Success Through Confidence.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



All things yield to the will of the determined man who has confidence and courage, who has a firm faith in his mission and a deep, steadfast belief in himself which opposition and delays cannot alter. Confidence arouses energy, stimulates the mental faculties and gives strength to master difficulties. Thought is effective only when sustained by a powerful conviction and positive decision. The man who holds to a definite plan of action with absolute confidence and strength of resolution, may seize opportunity and achieve success. The world has little faith in the man who is swayed by trivial desires, confused by the opinions of others and discouraged by every obstacle encountered. Back of all great forward movements are persistent, determined men who see beneath the surface and have an abounding confidence in themselves and their ideals.

By constant struggle and effort man learns the value of affirmation and the necessity of holding persistently to the belief that he can and will succeed in the thing he undertakes. Every difficulty encountered may be conquered by a positive state of mind which refuses to recognize the barriers which limit others. Discipline yourself never to acknowledge that

you are unfortunate, that fate is holding you down to an inferior position. Silence every doubt and cast out all thought of poverty and fear. Never talk, think or feel misfortune. Keep your ideal always in sight. Banish the enemies of your happiness, rise out of the miasma of fear and despondency, into the atmosphere of excellence, of brightness and beauty. You live for happiness, for conquest and progress. Believe sincerely in the reality of all that is good, in the final triumph of truth and in the victory of all that is noble. Cultivate health thoughts, hold to cheerful moods and contemplate success ideals. Approach life's problems with a zeal that is broad and deep, like the tides of the sea, brooking no interference and heeding no obstacles. Keep your brain clear and your thoughts centered. Focus every power and faculty with intentness and singleness of purpose. By persistent demand, self-trust and confidence, all that you aspire to, all that you hope for may be attained.

Many are hampered in their life work by dissipating their vitality in a score of harmful habits and in useless worry and anxiety. In the brain, nerves and muscles of a healthy, normal person are stored up an almost limitless supply of energy which may be transmuted by the mind and will into intellectual power and greatness. We may use this power to illuminate the path to our goal, or carelessly squander and lose it in useless ways. If we wish to do some one thing superbly we must learn to withdraw our attention from nonessentials and concentrate forcefully and persistently upon the thing desired. An exhilaration always comes from the consciousness of self-mastery and of being able to achieve what we undertake. The greatest satisfaction in life is derived from the knowledge of having the ability to do something worthy and excellent. It is worth all that we sacrifice of trivial pleasures and silly dissipations to be able to grapple vigorously with the great problems of existence, to seize precious opportunities when they come and to transmute into lofty character and achievement the energy and talent which nature has given us.

"If thinking is the acting—the working of the Spirit, what must necessarily its purpose be? It cannot be an empty, useless motion; we cannot prove one meaningless motion in all the created world, in all the Universe; why should the spirit in man be that exception?"

"Don't look for the faults as you go through life,
And even if you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind,
And look for the virtues behind them."

Thinking and Doing.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

WE often hear the complaint that this and that teacher is not living up to what he or she preaches and teaches^o that he or she is not doing as his or her teachings instruct others to do—that the teachers fall short of their ideals. And because of this asserted fact, many turn away in sorrow, or anger, from the teaching and refuse to make use of it. This to my mind is a most senseless position. I believe in taking the good wherever I find it—no matter who may give it to me—or where it may be lying. I never refuse to take the pearl though it may have come from a diseased oyster—I never pass by a diamond, though it be half-buried in the filthy mud of a gutter. The lotus grows in the foul mud of the Indian rivers, and draws its sustenance from filthy deposits, but it passes through the water, and, reaching the air, blossoms in all its purity and beauty. And so with many thoughts.

Many of us see much farther than we can make manifest in our lives—have ideals that we find it difficult to live up to. And yet our thoughts and our ideals may be taken up by others who have advanced still further along the lines of action, and be used by them to their great advantage and the benefit of the world. I have read beautiful thoughts expressed by some poet of dissolute life—and these thoughts have awakened a responsive echo in my soul. I have recognized the thought as belonging to me, so I took it and made it a part of myself. I take my own wherever I find it, and make use of it. The thought is pure, though the life of the thinker may not seem to be so.

We, each and every one of us, have different regions of the mind—the more animal regions—the intellectual region—and the higher regions of the unfolding spiritual part of our nature. And a man may be living the more animal life, and yet receive occasional flashes from his higher faculties. Should we discard these higher things simply because we see the lower manifestations? These higher expressions are often a protest of the soul against its low surroundings—it is the voice of the angel imprisoned in the pig-sty—should we not heed its notes?

God help the man who cannot see better things than he is capable of living. In the first symptom of the unfoldment and the casting off of the grosser sheath. It is the first glimpse of the coming beauty—the first rays of the sun through the clouds. Man must first be the higher things before he can manage to live up to them—the ideal comes first, then comes the living up to it.

Let us take good wherever we find it—let us recognize the hidden god in the man, though he be wallowing in the gutter—and if that higher part of him speaks to our higher self, let us recognize it and accept it. Let us not discard a truth though it seems to come from an unworthy

source—if it be truth let us treat it as such, no matter how unworthy may be the messenger who brings it to us. God uses queer messengers sometimes—let us not question his wisdom, but accept thankfully what he has sent us, and let the messenger go in peace—he better for having given us the beautiful thing, and we better for having received.

The Fulfillment of Love.

BY NANCY MCKAY GORDON.

WE cannot learn to love. Love cannot be taught. It must come to us as naturally as the nourishment comes to the new born babe from its mother's breast. Love springs into life spontaneously, full-grown, fully armed and equipped for life.

Love is forever new, because eternal. That which is eternal cannot grow old, because eternity is neither old nor young—IT IS! Love has ever been called a fountain of Eternal Life, where the thirsty wayfarer may refresh his soul. Has any one found the source of its bounteous overflow? And if they have can they reveal the secret? Does any one who has found the center of life and joy, know how to speak the WORD and teach the world how to pronounce it? Do any of you, readers of the NEW THOUGHT know it, or the sound thereof? For there must be this WORD, which, when spoken will arouse every latent energy of the sleeping soul. Can you tell it to us? Every ear is listening, every heart pulsating, every nerve is vibrating and sensitized and waiting to respond to the sound of that WORD.

This WORD belongs to a language, the alphabet of which, the world is but stammering through. I know of no one who has sounded the full note of the language. But, when the first chord of harmony be struck, even if it be not the full sound, will cause the soul to thrill with a new found life. The letters of this alphabet will spell out the longing secret of every heart.

I heard a story once which ran something like this:

A crowd was gathered on the street one day. And as the person who witnessed it approached the throng of people and pushed his way into the center of it, he found that the cause of the excitement was a man propped up against a lamp-post, unconscious. Asleep! He was suffering from what is called a "Fit." Numbers of the by-standers spoke to him; some shook him; others handled him more roughly yet—but no signs of life were apparent. Dusty from having fallen in the street, and weather-beaten from much suffering, ghastly and friendless, he still leaned against the post, unconscious of the gaping crowd. All were interested, but no one knew what would awaken him from his death-like lethargy.

Finally, a stranger pushed his way toward the object of interest, and after looking at him a moment, drew nearer, and said something to him.

Almost immediately the man opened his eyes and responded in a silent way to the stranger. What had happened to so quickly create such a change? Simply this, the man had spoken a word of German to the dreamer and it was the language *he knew*. It touched the chords of his sleeping soul and awakened him.

We are all asleep. We are all in a psychological "fit" and one kind of "Fit" may be as evil as another. Until we hear the WORD spoken which is the SOUL-WORD we shall continue in our long sleep. Until we know how to speak the WORD we may never hope to awaken the lightest sleeper. Nor is there a soul so deeply psychologized that it will continue to sleep when it hears this WORD rightly spoken. When the awakening comes to you, then will *your* soul sing a song which will rise on high like the bird in the early sunlight. Some part of your life, if not all of it, will become sanctified and put to the highest use.

There may be times when so drugged with ozone, and so battered into atoms by over-spent energy and so insolently healthy that we may mistake something for Love which is not Love—but Love can never be mistaken for that which it is not! That subtle thing which holds all else in abeyance, and which unites that which is separated, is the grand and beneficent power—Love!

I know to-day as never before, that the Universe is brooded over and permeated with this spirit of loving beneficence—that I cannot be left out of this beneficent influence—that if it benefits one it must benefit all—that there is no partiality in the dispensation of this power—that no one can be favored in the universal distribution of it—that the Universe is large enough for the satisfaction of the desire of all and any soul. And, also, that the great Gates will never be closed so long as there be one unregenerate soul in the Universe!

Love is everywhere present, and love as we are inspired to love. Love wants a recognition and the more it is recognized in every day life, the greater will the life be. Whoever loves the most does the most. A storm is soon spent, but love is eternal and active. The life of activity—not hurry and bustle—is the life that may be known as the one having sensed the most love and of having been loved the most. Only the man or the woman who has loved, can know creative life and then know how to bring it into manifestation. Has any one ever loved enough? Or have they been loved all they desired? Have two souls ever dared love one another to the extent that the craving of the soul is fully fed?

With the birth of Love comes understanding and wisdom. Until we are wise we work blindly. As we grow wise we grow into a faint conception of what love will do for our evolution. As we evolve we grow purer and with purity comes a sweetness of character, a strength born out of weakness, a holiness of purpose which enables the soul to carry out its noblest aspirations.

One may be misunderstood. That need make no difference in the ultimate of accomplishment; but rather, it will be a help to you. *The one who is understood has ceased to live!* So soon as a person or an abstruse subject is understood then is the person and subject dead to us; neither is any longer interesting because its problem has been solved. Therefore, do not seek to be understood. Simply live—live in such a manner that no misunderstanding can affect you.

"Love lieth at the foundation." Then let Love reign. Permit it to surcharge your body and vitalize your life. Fear not the result, for even though, if for a moment, passion prevails, remember, that passion is the birth of Love—or perchance, a re-birth. But whether you be youth or maiden, man or woman—this birth is but a step taken toward a new existence. It is the putting on of the royal garment of regeneration. The newness of life is the glory of life! Fear not to enter into the glory of a new-born Love!

When the lesson of Love is fully comprehended, then will the soul create a world of its own and remain its Godhead!

Look ye, that ye may see the fulfillment of the promise—"Love ye one another!"

Going Up.

BY FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I LOITERED in the busy corridor of one of our office buildings the other day, waiting for a friend. Near the long line of elevators a man was standing, and as my eye noted him he slowly touched the electric button that signals "Going down." The lines in his face spelled discouragement, acceptance of defeat, clear as print.

An elevator shot up from the opposite direction and stopped to let off some passengers. The boy's eye falling on the man, he nodded familiarly and called "Going up?" There was an instant's hesitation. It seemed to me I could almost hear the words repeated: "Going up? Why not?" so vividly did they light his countenance. He sprang forward, the door closed and he was gone—going up.

It wasn't much of an incident, but it interested me unaccountably, not for what it was but for what it seemed to suggest. I wondered what the man had been pondering as he waited there, and what was that wonderful difference between going down and going up.

I told my friend as we came back from lunch, and he smiled tolerantly as I recounted my impressions.

"I know the man," he said. "That's 'Persistent' Johnson. He has an odd little device he's been trying to put on the market. I guess every house in town has turned him down. He saw our business manager again this

morning. It may be a good thing all right, but we couldn't handle it. Smith told him so. Johnson said he guessed he'd have to give up—he'd reached the end of his rope."

As we turned in at the big doors of the office building again, we nearly collided with a man. *My man!* Yes, but there wasn't enough uncovered space on that man's face to write even one syllable of the word discouragement. It was all filled up with "confidence", "strength", "courage", "victory." Much pleasanter reading, I assure you, even for an idle bystander.

He fell upon my friend, and I hearkened for the clue. It came. He had seen Pershing & Ballard again, "the fifth time—the fifth time, Adler!" and they had agreed to handle his invention. "And just as I had decided to give the thing up! Now that's odd, isn't it? Yet I always knew that I was right. Do you know, if it hadn't been for an elevator boy—but there, I beg your pardon, you won't understand. It's all right, though." And he hurried away.

But I did understand. You see I'd been reading that book we all carry around with us—a face. I knew as well as he, how close he had been to final defeat. He was "going down" to meet it, going away from Pershing & Ballard and the fifth time of meeting, going to "give the thing up."

Just an elevator boy, to be sure, but the call came at the right moment (it always does, by the way, if we only listen)—"Going up?" It arrested his spirit. "Going up?" then—"Why not?" Up then to Pershing & Ballard, up to the fifth time of meeting, up to determination, hope, courage, success.

Well, then, which way are you going? Think! Going up? Why not? You can. Push the right button. Get on to the right car. Act!

I'm a practical man and I say this in a practical sense.

You're a business man; "Are you 'Going Up?' Why not?" You're an employe at a small salary—"Going up?" You're a boy just out of school, a girl earning her own way for the first time in her life, a mother taxed with the problem of directing the young lives entrusted to her. Are you "Going up?" Why not?

You'll tell me, perhaps, that there are special circumstances that hamper you; there is too much competition in your line; there are no opportunities for promotion; your environment shuts you off from a choice of the employment for which you feel yourself fitted; you haven't "influence" to help you. All this I shall hear. I've heard it many times. You don't push the right button. You don't give the right call. What is it you cry? Why, "Going DOWN!" THAT'S the road to Defeat.

Do you know the attitude of mind you need? Well, it's that of a young friend of mine: "When I want a thing very much," she says

with conviction, "some way I never can *understand* that I can possibly miss getting it." That's what you need to feel.

But there's more than that. If my man had pushed the button and stood still, what would have happened? Why, the car would have gone up without him. Push the button, and **DON'T FORGET TO GET ON TO THE CAR!**

New Thought is not alone right thinking—it's *right doing*, as well. Never forget that. Think "Going up" but act it, too.

Are you the business man with competition against you? What does Jones sell better and cheaper than you? Or, better still, what doesn't Jones sell that you can? What can you give the people that Jones does not? Put those things in your car, for you're "going up."

If you're the employe with no opportunities of promotion, look within. What can you offer, to "promote?" Let me tell you as a fact, there's just one quality in the world that will make opportunities for you wherever you go—I don't care whether you're on a farm or in a factory, afloat or ashore—and that's **COMMON SENSE**. Take my word for it. Common Sense draws bigger salaries and holds better positions than all the *uncommon talent* in the country. If you'll use Common Sense every day of your life for a year, forget where your work ends and some one's else begins; simply doing in every emergency as common sense bids, you'll find yourself in the right car before January 1, 1906, and **GOING UP!**

If you're the boy fresh from school and you want to choose a profession, a trade, a business which your environment for the moment forbids, never mind. Don't forget that you're "going up" just the same. Keep pushing the button. Your own will come, if you want it enough. Remember,—*if you want it enough*. Put that in your car when you start at the lowest floor.

I knew a boy just like you. He loved birds better than sun, light, heat, warmth, food, money—any of the things most of us want. Wanted to study birds, mind you, and his father had cut him out for a lawyer; yes, and commanded him to be a lawyer. How that boy chafed and fretted and saw his life in ruins! But not for long. What happened? Why, he kept pushing the button. He's a lawyer all right, but he's an authority on ornithology as well; was called in by the Smithsonian Institution not long ago to help formulate special bird laws for his state, is consulted as to bird habits, bird families, bird history. He's going up! And he lived and has always lived in a little country town, hemmed in by tradition and limited opportunities. His own came—because he wanted it enough, and he **NEVER FORGOT TO PUSH THE BUTTON OR GET ON TO THE CAR**. Are you "going up?"

If you're a girl earning her own way in the world for the first time, why of course you're going up. Put Pluck in your car, Womanliness

(just the kind you use at home—you'll be astonished what a good asset it can prove), Punctuality, Accuracy, Attention to Business, A Happy Heart. (Perhaps you don't see just where that comes in, but it counts for more than you think.) Now, what do you want to do or be? Well, look within! Have you made the right preparation? Then push the button and get on to the car, for you're GOING UP.

Then the mother with the numerous noisy family, always out of elbows at one and the same time, always calling for thought and time and attention; will peace ever come out of turmoil, good clever men and women out of the small lads and lasses who tease and vex and disappoint while they love and are loved? Surely! Your own will come—their own will come. Never forget they're "going UP"; think it, talk it, act it, BELIEVE it! It's the best thing you can do for them. You're helping them push the right button, you're halting the right car.

Have you discovered my creed? It is BE and DO. I'm a preacher of action. "BE" first, friends, but "DO" always. You'll find it a good workable creed. Try it! It will put you in the right car.

Going up? WHY NOT?

Glorious 1905.

BY IDA GATHING PENTECOST.



Yes, a glorious, happy New Year to you comrade dear and I want to make a little prophecy for you. Better health, more happiness, and prosperity in money are coming to you. All last year you loved more; as a result your life is to lift, and increase in every direction. Blessings are coming as surely as the dry earth receives moisture after rain. Last year you thought hard. Now you know, that after each trial and sorrow you pass through, you are stronger. That each trouble that comes to you is needed to teach you some great truth. Go out half way to welcome any method of advance, the sooner you are through with the trouble the quicker will you have collected one more pearl of knowledge.

"God is Love," and "be sure the hand that smites thee is thine own" are the two most instructive sayings I know. Ponder upon them till your tongue is trained.

Love is the sun, the air, the inspirer, the fertilizer of your being. It is the cement that holds every good thing together. What would become of us if it were not for love?

Trouble cannot snatch far into the dark the lover. Love has been the magic of every age, altho' it takes so long to find this out. Everything

else is tried first, and in turn each is found lacking in comparison with love. It untangles every knotty problem. Yet people try both ugly and weak methods, including anger, and impatience, discouragement, and tears, even cease speaking to some one if the case seems sufficiently complex, and bitter to them, when—right in their own breast lies the great balm of healing, the great secret of peace, the answer to all difficulties. It can melt away a disagreement or quarrel as fire does the snow. It can bring people together quicker than a railroad train. Its power is the swiftest, surest, known to man. It relaxes the heart, uncorks its perfume. It is the only light that illumines a face and that educates the soul. You know what experiments in electricity have given us? I recommend you experiment with Love. The next time you come up to a stone wall, or meet with a river to cross, or meet with a cross person—just put out love. Turn it on full force.

That stone wall will tumble, that wide river will dry up, and flowers bloom in its valley, the cross person will soften to gentleness and the difficulty settle itself. You are learning your glorious privileges of loving—love is the password to heaven!

My outlook for you is resplendent. For you, this is to be a year of glad reaping. Last year you took a few crooked, faltering, doubtful steps, this year you will find the path, and learn how to ask, that ye may receive. So few ask.

Your added understanding shall bring you assurance and poise. Anguish will be comprehended and transmitted into joy. Better than your neighbor's voice, you will hear the still small voice within. Its tones, sweet and low, will never permit you to be lonely. The within says more than all the outside put together. Listen and know of the glories before you. In the air is new health if we will only take it. In the air is fresh strength, appropriate it. Remember all blessings are about us; getting our eyes of Realization open, is the work we must perform.

The future is not a big bear to eat us up. It is a dove with promise laden beak. The future is not want and distress, it is the horn of plenty, and not the horn of a dilemma. Have confidence. Have confidence dear heart. When you seek hardest, you will find.

Prepare yourself for the fulfillment of my predictions. Just live true to yourself, and never be anxious. Anxiety delays. Expect good things to come to pass. Patience brings marvelous results. I don't like the word "reward," but the word "results" is tremendous. Be a student of results, and be calm. Avoid mental Saint Vitus's dance. You have to make intercession to no saint, to get cured, should you get this, or other illness. The doctor lies *within*. Attend to Realization, and you will hold still and know!

We are all Gods in embryo, awaiting development and recognition. Welcome all that comes to you as contributive to this end. Never mind

the doubter who sneers or ridicules your efforts to gain spiritual understanding, spear quietly ahead, (sure that you have a soul), without argument, quit thinking so much about people, keep silence, and you will feel yourself expanding, and that consciousness which brings the peace that passeth understanding, will be yours.

Some men and women deny there is such a thing as the spirit of God—so anchored are they in their mentality alone—never stopping in their mental pride and worship of cold intellect, to ask what made their thought. Time enough. Since the amoeba, evolution has given us man. Step at a time. Intellect is good and intellect is necessary, but spirit transcends intellect. Hurry is ignorant. Patience is enlightenment. We all go through every stage of unfoldment. More and more every day do I feel the immense comfort of Eternity.

A jumping jack is simple, worked by one string; a clock is less simple—and we are fearfully and wonderfully made. When you are run down, love will wind you up. It is the surest key that fits into everywhere. Try it wherever you will, it never disappoints. Be your own spiritual locksmith.

After men know all that science can impart, their soul hunger will crave what science cannot give. Science is great, but love is greater. We hear of men being scientists. We hear of God being Love. I do not beckon you into books, I beckon you into *Being*!

The good in you is insistent, give it expression. Quarry out the rich treasures within you. Cease mental tension, so that you may be receptive. Thus can you draw atoms of power to your mind which you never can lose, and can only use in affection. Take mental rest occasionally if you are wise. Build yourself up. Gain complete renewal, and refreshment by going to bed earlier. You will get new life for yourself, and can then give out to others.

Have no "can'ts" in your mind. I can't is a fatal thought. Have only ideas, and reveries of *I can!* You shall accomplish anything you persistently set your forces upon. You have within you the faculty for advance in any direction. Just *commence*. Desire is the proof of ability to achieve. Doubt neither yourself, nor anyone else. Welcome 1905. It brings bigger and better opportunities. Benefits are forming for you. Here's a hearty handshake for tenderest, best fellowship. I am with you. I sympathize with you, and know how hard it looks. (That thing in your mind.) But dear soul it's all coming out right. Believe me, nothing is going to be hard for you long.

In imagination see yourself rich.

In imagination see yourself well.

In imagination see yourself truthful and successful.

The taste of heaven is upon your lips, when you are joyous, and kind, and loving. Sense it well. Love is life! I send you the balsam word.

Guide Posts to Happiness.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



"So many miles to happiness,
How many I can only guess."

These words were published years ago in a daily paper. It is a sad story the verses told; a story of guide posts that read,—*"Miles to Happiness,"* but the number could never be distinguished. The traveler could know only that he was on the road while his goal lay always further on, and how far he could

"only guess."

All around us it is easy to see the guide posts to Happiness; they point in all directions *away* from us—anywhere, except to this place; to any time except the present. Will-o'-the-Wisps they are that would lead us always on—to nothing.

Where is Happiness, when shall we reach it?

"When we are well," sigh the sick; "When we have wealth," say those in need; "When we succeed," cry the ambitious; "When we are loved," says the empty heart; all looking for something in the conditions surrounding them, all searching the guide posts to Happiness.

But sometimes they stumble upon their desires, there is health, wealth, fame, or love; then have they found happiness?

Perhaps so; perhaps they do not see another guide post beckoning, perhaps it may be all they have dreamed; as long as it lasts. Conditions are ever changing; and he who builds his hope of happiness upon the shifting sands of conditions, may sometime awake to find a hollow where his hill has stood.

Be the time long or short the foundation is insecure.

Then where is Happiness? Within yourself. To find happiness, know yourself, your true self which is of the one great Good. Then you will know that all is well with you now and here; you will know that happiness has eluded you because you sought it afar and put up barriers that kept it from coming to you.

Happiness is from what you are, not from what you do or have; and when you know yourself, when your happiness is secured to bed rock, you will accept with enjoyment the play in conditions. Let them change, they cannot upset your dwelling place.

Secure then, you will not wonder, *"How many miles to Happiness."* You will not look back to see how far you have come, nor forward to see how far you must go.

Live in to-day, enjoy to-day's gifts. Enjoy the winter while it is here and do not sigh for summer. But if trials come, recognize them; know them for what they are—expressions of limitations. Look upon trials as

friendly helps, indicating our limitations in order that we may have an opportunity to overcome them.

When the limitations are recognized and cast aside the trials leave naturally. All trials? Undoubtedly when *all* limitations go.

Just so far as we know ourselves and can be our true selves, living in accord with the one Good, there will be no trials.

Then tear down the barriers of limitations and let happiness in! And the light that comes will show not "How many miles to Happiness", but that happiness is here and now.

Every mind has a new compass, a new direction of its own, differing in its genius and aim from every other mind. We call this the bias of each individual. And none of us will ever accomplish anything excellent or commanding except when he listens to this whisper which is heard by him alone.—Emerson.

Inspiration is one and the same thing always—God breathing upon or into. The quality is always one and uniform, for it is from God. The difference is in quantity—the more or less that the thing breathed into can hold.—J. F. W. Ware.

Hath He not given thee that which is thine own unhindered and unhampered, and hindered and hampered that which is not thine own?—Epictetus.

Success in Failure.

Oh, long and dark the stairs I trod
 With stumbling feet to find my God,
 Gaining a foothold bit by bit,
 Then slipping back and losing it,
 Never progressing, striving still,
 With weakening grasp and fainting will,
 Bleeding to climb to God, while He
 Serenely smiled, unnoting me.

Then came a certain time, when I
 Loosened my hold and fell thereby.
 Down to the lowest step my fall,
 As if I had not climbed at all.
 And while I lay despairing there
 I heard a footfall on the stair,
 In the same place where I, dismayed,
 Faltered and fell, and lay, afraid.
 And lo! when hope had ceased to be
 My God came down the stairs to me.

—Anon.

The Laughing Philosophy.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

A YEAR or so ago, I wrote an article for this magazine, under the above or a similar title. I have thought of the idea contained in that article, many a time since. And it has helped me over several rough places that I have encountered as the weeks have rolled past. Many of you doubtless thought I intended the matter as a joke—but I assure you that it is more than that. It is something that we may well take into our pet philosophies—our systems of living.

You remember, I told you about an old philosopher, who, when consulted by others for advice, would suggest that the inquirer endeavor to smile, or, better still, break into a hearty laugh. His experience had taught him that after this remedy was applied, the trouble seemed less real, and often disappeared altogether. The old philosopher wasn't such a fool as one might think at first sight. He was a profound student of human nature, and of life.

Much of our trouble is not nearly so real as it seems—we take ourselves and things, too seriously by far. A laugh or a smile is the best antidote for a troubled mind. There are very few things that cannot be laughed at, or with. We may laugh at ourselves, and our doings, just as heartily as we may at those of another—and with much more profit. Many things which seem so serious and dreadful to us, will seem as huge jokes when we view them from the point of view of the Laughing Philosophy. There is really nothing too dignified or solemn to be laughed at, or with. Don't be afraid to laugh—God will not be offended. The great ruler of the Universe gave us the ability to laugh, for a purpose, so don't be afraid to avail yourself of the divine gift. One of Man's gravest offences consists in taking himself so seriously. There is no superstition; delusion; folly or hypocrisy, which may not be overturned by a smile or a laugh—if we would use these weapons we would soon rid the world (and ourselves) of much nonsense. Fraud and pretense usually cloaks itself behind the mask of gravity. Laugh at it and the mask drops, and the petty thing is seen behind it.

A good healthy sense of humor is one of God's best gifts to man, and is all that saves the race from stark madness. A smile is the chemical which precipitates to the bottom of the glass, the impure sediment which has beclouded the clear liquid of life.

Many of the things which affright us, will disappear if we laugh at them. Trouble is especially disconcerted by a laugh, and is apt to run away from the unwelcome sound.

It is not necessary to be solemn in order to be good. The "prune-and-prism" expression is a back-number. "Sunday-mouths" are no longer in vogue. The assumed gravity and solemnity of some people is frightful—

until you smile at it, and then it is seen to be ridiculous. Beware of the awfully solemn individual—he has something which he wishes to impose on you.

Really, this Laughing Philosophy appeals to me more and more every day—I think there is much in it. It will scare away more bugaboos than any other bit of philosophy that I know of—it will turn more petty troubles into dust, than anything I ever have heard of—it is a mighty good thing to keep around handy for instant use.

I do not mean that we should use this philosophy only on other people. Use it on yourself—you need it. Just see what a fool you've been, all your life—and then take a good laugh. It will keep you from being the same kind of fool over again. Just see how you have let the phantom fears and troubles spoil your life for you—then take a good laugh, and you will be wiser and better for the experience. And apply it to the things of to-day, as well as to the things of yesterday. Dissolve the troubles with the chemical of laughter, right when they occur, and they will not be so apt to leave a scar.

Some of these days, I am going to write a little book on this "Laughing Philosophy"—in dead earnest too. In the meantime, think over it a little as you go through life, and see if you cannot build up a promising philosophy of your own on the foundation I have suggested. See to how many things this philosophy may be successfully applied, and you will be surprised. You will not realize it, until you have tried it. You will find new ways of applying it.

If you find that this thing works for you, drop me a line telling me about it—the experience may help someone else along over a rough place.

A good laugh will put new energy into you—new vigor—new strength—and will enable you to raise your head—look the world in the face, cheerfully and bravely, as a man or woman should. It will enable you to get a fresh hold on things, and to keep up with the procession.

Eyes front—Smile!

The "I Can and I Will" Circle.

BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

THE I CAN AND I WILL CIRCLE:—what is it? Why, it's a great chain of people scattered all over the United States, who all believe in the gospel of "I Can and I Will"; who think it, act it, carry the message; who want to give to somebody else the benefit of some special struggle in which it has helped them to conquer, and to learn from somebody else how "I Can and I Will" has smoothed a rough stretch of road; to hear of helpful reading, to treasure some rarely strong affirmation, to GROW!

How many of you are members? Write in and let us know, for its our own special fold. We're going to give you a page or a couple of pages

every month in the magazine, for an exchange of experiences, advice, a "word in time", for just whatever you need and want. This month I am glad to say the department opens in my charge. When I am the head, it will be called "Stepping Stones." And that's a good name! One of our subscribers suggested it. In February, Mr. Franklin H. Berry will have charge of the "I Can and I Will" pages, and when he is its sponsor it will be named "The Pilgrim's Path." We're indebted to another subscriber for that.

Why did we take two titles? Well, because we're two people and we had an idea it might help to give individuality to our work. We can only print a very, very few of the many letters we hope to receive and draw strength and courage from, and we wanted both a woman's point of view and a man's standard in a selection of the sentence or paragraph here or there from our correspondence that may seem best to answer the questions which come to us, or fill the most frequently-expressed needs. So I am going to try to lay the "Stepping Stones" and Mr. Berry will walk beside you on "The Pilgrim's Path."

Remember this:—you may write us forty times and not a line of your letter be printed, but you'll never have to look very deep to find its under-current in our work. Write to us. We want you to write to us. Give us the hard practical trying experiences of your life. How do you conquer them? Or haven't you succeeded yet? That's what we want to know. If we don't print it, as ninety-nine times out of a hundred we can't—space forbids—never forget that you have given us strength. A strength that will find its way back to you, never fear. That is the law!

Why don't you form a "Link" in the great Chain—our I Can and I Will Circle—two or three of you in one town or neighborhood? You could meet, read together, have a common daily affirmation, interest others. Isn't it worth while? Who will form the first Link, and what will be its name?

If you have to be a Link all by yourself, you nevertheless strengthen the chain. Stand for I CAN AND I WILL to all the world. Let it show forth in thought and action. Carry its gospel with you wherever you go. You can if you WILL.

"Thou canst not fail! The future all unknown
Lies in thy power, its secrets are thine own,
There's not a task that thou canst not fulfill
Strong in the thought—'As thou thyself shalt will.'"

If thou wouldst have aught of good, have it from thyself.—Epictetus.

LETTER BOX DEPARTMENT.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

This department is established for the purpose of answering interesting questions from our subscribers. Personal inquiries cannot be answered by letter, as it would be a physical impossibility for us to so reply to the hundreds of such letters received from our thousands of readers. But we will select from the inquiries reaching us those of general interest, and will attempt to answer same in this department, as soon as possible. If you have a question to ask which you think will interest other readers as well as yourself, write us stating the question plainly, and in as few words as possible, and then watch this department. Address all such inquiries to

THE NEW THOUGHT PUBLISHING CO.,
515 STEINWAY HALL

"LETTER BOX DEPARTMENT"

CHICAGO, ILL.

L. S. D. and others. Yes, I have felt the helpful thought of our many friends who are sending us mental messages of strength, good-cheer, and encouragement, and I appreciate them. It is hard for me to set forth in detail the exact policy that I will put into operation in the management of the reading pages of the magazine for the coming year—I am not in the habit of mapping out a plan in all its fine details, for my experience is that each day brings modifications, changes, and improvement in all well laid plans. I prefer to plant a good sound seed, and then to watch it grow, helped by careful watering; pruning away of weeds and other influences likely to retard its growth; proper exposure to the sun, etc. I always feel that I am merely tending to the plant, but that some higher power is causing the growth. I believe that this is the way to get the best effects of the Law. Of course, if I were to imagine that I was causing the plant to grow by the exercise of my will, it would grow just the same providing that I tended it carefully—but, after all, it would really be the power behind and in all Life, and not my will power. I believe that this is the true policy regarding all the affairs of life, as well as of the raising of plants. It is a combination of "letting" and doing. This is worth remembering—it took me some time to find out just how this thing works. Well, here I am preaching again, when I merely intended to answer your inquiry. To get back to my subject, I will say that the seed that I have selected and planted is the fundamental principles of the New Thought—the basic ideas. I have tried to avoid the variations which have sprung into existence under hot-house methods, and have chosen the wild, hardy, sturdy plant of the New Thought which gave me the courage to stand erect and face life again, after I had been felled to the ground, and found myself sore, bruised and lame. I believe that the leaves of this plant still possess virtue, and I am going to try and grow some of it for you. It is not a hot-house plant, nor a fancy, fragile thing—it is New Thought with the bark on. The seed of this plant I have planted in good soil, and I intend to care for it, month by month, and just let it grow. Do you see what I am trying to do? If so, join the ranks of those who wish to lend a helping hand.

Bessie M. Now, look here, Bessie, I am too old and tough to attempt to give young girls advice regarding their love affairs—or old ones either (the latter seem to get it harder, anyway). You had better write to Beatrice Fairfax, or some of the other fair writers in the Sunday newspapers, who are perfect encyclopædias of lore on this subject. Oh, yes, I know the symptoms. When I was twenty-one had it bad—used to stroll out on cold winter nights, and watch the light in her window, and all that sort of thing. I was looking over an old book (not the family Bible), the other day, and there I found some old pressed flowers which had been lying there for over twenty years. How well I remembered the circumstances of their coming into my possession. Heigho, boy and girl love is a wonderful thing—the only thing that can equal it is old-man and old-woman love. The loves that come in between are not nearly as intense—they are poor imitations. Oh, no, Bessie, don't imagine that your heart is in danger of breaking, just because he took some other girl home from prayer-meeting. You are both about seventeen, you say. Well in a year or so you will look upon him as a boy, and will be going around with grown up men several years older than you are—and he will seem like a mere child. Then (if you do not marry), when you get about twenty-seven, he will catch up to you again and you will be glad to think of him as being the same age—or aren't you a little older than I, Charlie? Your heart is perfectly safe, Bessie—you are

merely getting it into training. Wait for five years, little girl, and then write me again, and tell me all about it. And, by-the-way, Bessie; it wouldn't do any harm to talk it over with your mother—she will understand all about it. She isn't nearly so unsophisticated as you think she is.

F. C. B. I consider "Psychology and Psychic Culture," by Reuben Post Halleck, M. A. (American Book Company, N. Y.), a good elementary book on the subject. It is not a New Thought book, in the strict sense of the term, and yet it is full of good ideas. It is used as a text-book in some high schools. It may be obtained at any large book store.

P. S.—You ask: "How may I discard a worry in a form of a love affair and its usual disappointment? In your articles you advise that we concentrate upon the opposite, but where is the opposite in my case?" If you had a well grounded philosophy of life, you would be able to rally from the disappointment, although you might feel the smart for a time. You have imagined that your happiness depended upon your lover being faithful (or rather less subject to a change), and you have reaped as you have sown. If you had realized that happiness is to be found only in yourself, and that although other things and persons might contribute to it, still you were not entirely dependent on persons and things for it, you would not be asking this question. When you lean too much upon a thing, the Law is very apt to knock the prop away, so that you may learn to stand alone. However, as to your question, I would say that the best thing for you to do is to get thoroughly interested in some form of work—throw yourself into it heartily, and you will find that the old pain and smart will gradually fade away, and Time, the wise healer, will aid you. I have known persons who hold that the best way to get over the pain of disappointed love is to plunge into another love affair—kind of homoeopathic remedy, you notice, like cures like. Maybe that is better than my allopathic remedy of trying the opposite thing, or maybe the other love is the opposite thing, *quien sabe?* I never have tried this last remedy, but they tell me that it works. An old bachelor friend, to whom I mentioned it, said that the remedy was worse than the disease—but *he* doesn't count. At any rate, a disappointed love is not worth worrying about—better put flowers on its grave, and then remember the beautiful things that it brought you while it lasted—and for the rest of it, forget it.

"Younger Brother."—Now here's another love affair. It seems that every person who writes to this department has some love trouble. What's the matter with the people, anyway? Why do they select me as a fit person to answer such questions? What I *don't* know about love would fill books—any eighteen-year-old girl could tell them a whole lot more about love than can I. This young man writes: "Given a man, who has without effort on his part, acquired the love of a girl who is accomplished, of influential connections, honorable and good, but who has been unable to awaken in the man a response to that great love. Suppose there is another with whom the man feels he could be much happier, if she could be won. Would the man be doing the best thing by giving up the other's hopes and dreams and marrying the one whose affection has been unwavering for years? Or should he be brutally frank by informing her that his feeling is nothing more than friendship, and then take the chances of obtaining what he feels might bring him greater happiness, but which would make the girl unhappy?" Of course, this means *you*, young man—why didn't you say so, instead of setting up a hypothetical case? You can't fool an old fellow like me, by speaking in the third person. Now, what you want to do is to tell that girl the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and right now, too. Honesty and truth is far better than deception and pretense. If you think that you could make that girl happy by marrying her under false pretenses, you are mistaken. It's sometimes hard enough to make a woman happy even if you *do* love her—and if you *don't* the job will be still harder. Married life without love is a hell on earth, and if you wish to keep yourself and that little woman out of it, you had better speak up at once, and tell her the truth. And look you here, "younger brother," I don't altogether like the way in which you speak of your possible sacrifice in marrying that girl—don't you suppose that a woman makes any sacrifices when she marries, even if she loves the man? You, young man, seem to think that you are doing a girl a great favor in marrying her, and that she ought to be eternally grateful to you for doing it. You don't seem to see the girl's side of it at all—sometimes the girl doesn't, either, until after she gets into the tangle. At any rate, young man, you had better tell her the truth—no girl would want to be married out of pity. Wouldn't it be a joke on you if that "other" should disappoint you after you had broken off with the first girl?

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I hold it truth with whom who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

I THINK this month the very best thing I can do with my tongue and my pen is to keep both silent. I've been reading hundreds of "New Thought" letters lately, and I've learned dozens of new truths and hundreds of old truths in a new setting. I wish you could have read them all with me. They weren't intended to be "experience" letters at all. Most of them were letters of congratulation and praise for our magazine, but right in the midst of a good common-sense talk on what would help NEW THOUGHT and its readers, out would crop a bit of personal experience or a glimpse of individual life and I would think each time, "There, I wish the rest of the Circle could read that."

So this month I'm not going to say anything myself and I haven't any real I CAN AND I WILL letters to offer you—that is, any which were intended as I CAN AND I WILL letters. But I don't believe you'd know that if I didn't tell you, for when you read the scraps that I couldn't help putting aside for our pages, you'll see I CAN AND I WILL written all over them in capital letters. I'm sure they will help us.

There's just one word I want to add, about our Department. When you write to me, write about anything and everything which troubles you, gives you joy, helps, sustains or hampers you. It's an I CAN AND I WILL department, but its not just for those who have met victory. Its for You and Me! The I CAN AND I WILL is to help us over the deep water. Let's talk things over. What you don't know, perhaps I do; and what I don't know, I'm sure you can give me. So now, I'll leave you to think over our budget of mail, until the next time we meet. Happy New Year!

When you write, address your letters to either Mr. Berry or to me,—it doesn't matter which—we'll share with each other, and if you want to write about business at the same time, put that on a separate sheet of paper so we can hand it over to the Business Department and keep "our own."

"The New Thought idea that we can accomplish whatever we set out to do, has been practically demonstrated by myself. After this belief took possession of me two or three years ago. I decided to try what I could do. Mother, father and two sisters of us had been living in the country for years. We were very poor, and father's health was bad, so that life on a farm for us had become drudgery and that.

too, without any returns financially. A sister was employed in the city and boarding. The first winter I attempted to get the family to the city I failed. Second winter—failed. The third season, with father's consent, I found a house in town, brought part of our furniture with us and took a lady to board who owned more furniture. Sister had the great pleasure and satisfaction of being *at home*. I got two aunts and an uncle to close their house and live in our country house to keep the stock, etc., through the winter. In summer we went back to the country and all stayed together. Less than a week ago father succeeded in selling the farm. The aunts will now go to their own home, and we will furnish a room or two in their house for the summer months. We returned to the city house this fall, having rented it furnished for three months. We brought more furniture back with us from the country, let our boarder and her furniture go. It was a tremendous undertaking, a great experiment, but I accomplished it against many odds. The family are very much pleased and all know now it was a good move. Sister's salary is \$9.00. By doing all our own work, and helping her in the busy season, making cake to sell, etc., we are able to live in a good neighborhood. My dream has come true; we are in the busy, happy, working world." C. W.

"I know you often say in your writings, 'Don't think back over your past life,' but I want to go back just a few years that I may tell you of the good I feel you (or the God within you), has done for me. Two years ago last September I was taken to the hospital. It seems to me that I was the most miserable creature living. I wanted to die most awfully bad, or at

least I thought I did, for life was so miserable for me. I had spinal trouble so very bad that I could not walk nor sit up and could not be moved without screaming, I was in so much pain. I had to lie right in bed for most two years and it was while I was in this condition that the NEW THOUGHT MAGAZINE and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's little book, "The Heart of the New Thought" were placed in my hands, and the old doctor who attended me was just full and bubbling over with New Thought. He hardly ever passed through my room but what he would give me a talk on New Thought. And it was right here that my eyes were opened to something better and grander than I had ever experienced before, although I had been trying for a number of years before this to live a Christian life. But I was just one bundle of fear and worry. I can't say as yet that I have reached the place where I have fully conquered them, but life to me has been *so sweet* since I have been keeping them out of my heart in part, although I have been in bed most of the time too. But I am growing stronger all the time, am so I can be up quite a little now by wearing the plaster-of-paris jacket. I hope to grow stronger in New Thought, or in other words, 'Faith in God' for that is what it means to me." I. W.

"Before I by chance stumbled on the New Thought, I regarded life as a drudgery, a struggle for existence, but the articles of your writers will set one thinking, put new life into you, and force you to regard life as worth living after all. In fact it has made a hopeful optimist of me, out of a discontented pessimist. By following the advice given in the earlier issues of the Journal in regard to health, I succeeded in driving off rheuma-

tism, which formerly had kept me at times on crutches. I hereby return thanks for 'medical advice.'"

C. A. L.

"Some days I have been most wild with the things which were staring me in the face to be done, and while I was doing one thing, my mind was running after those which were undone, making me nervous and almost beside myself. Mr. Atkinson has helped me to just drop everything, let go. Generally I read one of his essays and lo, how soon everything seems different and the sun shines through the clouds. I find my Center and begin humming a little tune, instead of worrying and fretting. All housekeepers know that there are days when kitchen trials are many and things go wrong from early sunrise, and the aspect grows more vexing every hour. At these trying times, I have found I CAN AND I WILL, a never-failing remedy. I leave the problems to set themselves right, *if they can*, while I go off to get quiet and read the I CAN AND I WILL prescription. Presently,—sooner than you would imagine, dear friend,—I *can* go back to that distracting kitchen with a smile on my face and a cheerful word, find myself taking hold with a *will*, and it is pleasing to my soul to see how

smoothly and quietly everything moves along."

M. T.

"I was almost an invalid at the time I began reading this little magazine and now I am as strong and healthy as any ordinary woman. I am sure it was the mental food received that has strengthened me."

D. B.

"I hope I may be pardoned for making a few personal remarks but I do so want you to know what a godsend NEW THOUGHT has been to my sister and me. We are orphans, having lost father and mother within the past two years, after long illnesses. My sister, who is some years older than myself, and I are trying to keep our home under great difficulties. We are both very hard of hearing. Until the last year I thought it impossible to hold a position of any kind owing to my hearing and very delicate health but necessity coming along, I awoke one day to find that I had a vocation. I am now an addresser of the I CAN AND I WILL order. You will see by this that New Thought is just what we need to help us over our rough and disagreeable places, and bring the bright inward light to bear upon our outward darkness."

M. E.

The Publisher's Talk.

We have a number of requests for "Christmas Gifts", unaccompanied by the necessary stamps for mailing stipulated by us. It costs us six to eight cents to mail each book. It would mean several hundred more dollars for us to assume the postage. We're giving away hundreds of dollars' worth of books, because you're giving us your thoughts, ideas and suggestions and it was the best way we could think of to wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Which we do, with all our hearts! But the point of this tale is—Please read the notice at the foot of our list of books last month and this, and send in the postage!

Another thing. Please sign your letters with your full name and address. We have some letters here entirely unsigned, even though they inclose money orders. The senders will be disappointed at not hearing from us promptly, but you can see it will not be our fault. Of course these things happen to any of us, when we're in a hurry or busy with many matters. But we want to fill your orders promptly, so ask you to be careful to give us full and clear directions when you write.

And there's still something else. Don't get the idea that we're giving any premium with the magazine. We're not. And therefore we are obliged to disappoint many friends who write in forwarding subscriptions and requesting a book as a premium. We're giving our "Gift Books" for letters of suggestion as to "New Thought for 1905," (and good letters we get, too,) and ONLY for letters of suggestion submitted in strict accordance with the conditions of our Editorial Prize Contest. "Read, ponder and inwardly digest."

Next month we shall publish a full list of our League Reading Rooms for 1905. Some changes and additions are taking place and we wish the list to be complete and accurate for the year, before publication.

Happy New Year!

If you would create for yourself a future make a present.—Life.

GOOD STOCK TO PURCHASE!

We offer for sale at par, a small block of the capital stock of

THE EVER-SHARP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

No more will be sold after this is gone! This company is organized for the manufacture and sale of the "Ever-Sharp" Safety Razor, of which we own the patents, the newest and best safety razor yet placed on the market. Do you know what dividends the Safety Razor business pays? Several hundred per cent! And there aren't enough safety razors made in the United States to take care of 1-100 of the demand.

As to the demand for our goods, we refer you to Messrs. Lord & Thomas, Chicago, the great advertising house. They say: "From our experience, 10,000 orders are practically guaranteed within sixty days after your advertising is placed." Razors to fill 10,000 orders will

Cost About \$15,000; Profit, \$15,000. Clear, Isn't It?

Other Safety Razor companies with goods not up to our standard, claim an average of 200,000 sales per year.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

Par value of stock, \$10.00 per share. Send stamp for full particulars, and then you can investigate through some of our largest National and State banks, who know us. We will furnish you with every facility to look it up before you act. But You'll Act. Address,

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